

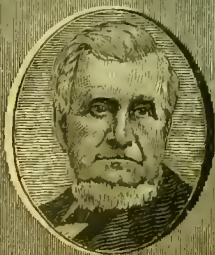


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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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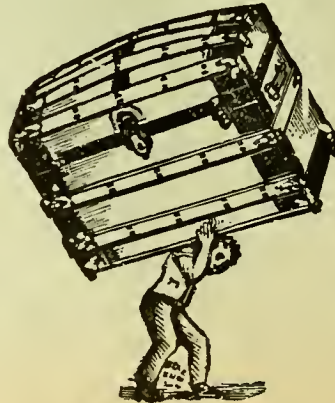
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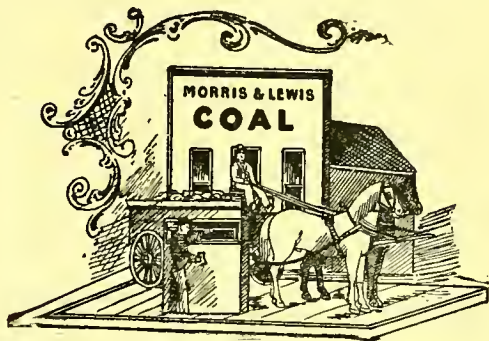


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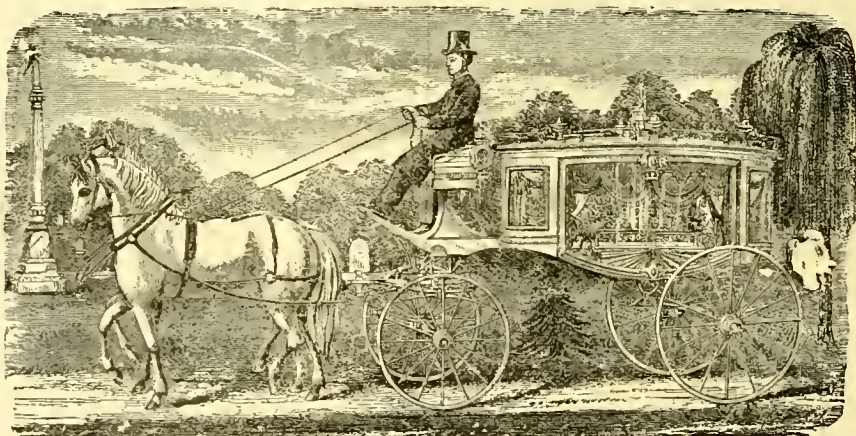
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Ask our home people anywhere in this country and they will tell you that Doctor Shores has already done this by limiting the total cost to each patient to \$5 monthly inclusive of everything, care, advice, treatment and all medicines.

And this is so, too!

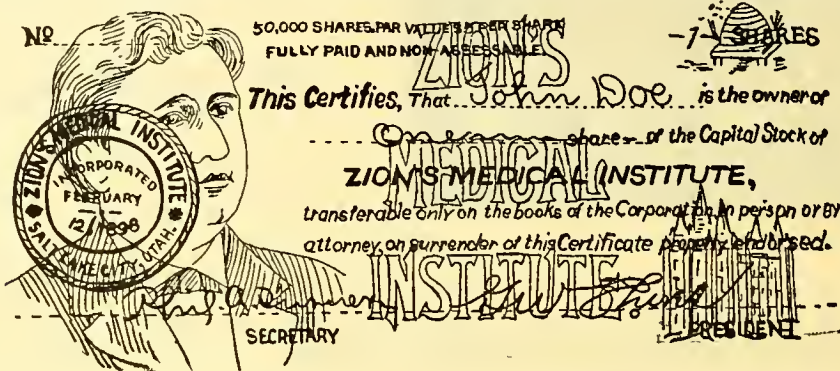
But although \$5 a month certainly does not much more than cover the expense of caring for and treating successfully a chronic, obstinate disease, still Doctor Shores was not entirely satisfied, and he has now originated and perfected a plan whereby every sufferer, every person forlorn and weary in health, that comes to him for help, will receive his watchful, personal care, the benefits of his great knowledge and masterful skill. All medicines and everything necessary to a complete and permanent cure at an expense absolutely limited to actual cost.

How?

This grand and splendid plan is simple.

Doctor Shores has formed an incorporation for Zion's Medical Institute, dividing the capital stock into 50,000 shares of the par or face value of \$5 each; 9,999 of these shares he has caused to be set aside as treasury stock entirely for the benefit of his patients in accordance with his remarkable and generous plan as follows:

The nominal fee rate of \$5 monthly, including all medicines for the treatment and cure of all diseases will be maintained and every patient, new or old, coming to Doctor Shores and paying \$5 for one month's contin-



Fac Simile of Stock Certificate Presented Free to Every Patient Beginning or Renewing Treatment at Zion's Medical Institute.

uous treatment, care and medicines, will receive free as their own personal property one share of the capital stock of Zion's Medical Institute valued at \$5, and every time a patient renews treatment he or she will receive a share of stock—every share is given free and is absolutely non-forfeitable and non-assessable.

From time to time the profits accruing will be distributed in a dividend to the stockholders and every dividend whatever its amount will do its part in partially paying back or reducing the \$5 monthly expense for treatment and medicines to each patient; in short the monthly expense for the best and most superior medical skill known to the world will be extended to every sufferer at actual cost by this plan.

Dr. Shores grandest of all mottos, "The greatest good to the greatest number" is certainly exemplified and put into forceful, practical application in this grandest and most splendid plan ever devised for the aid and benefit of the great mass of humanity suffering from disease.

It should be stated that the expense of Zion's Medical Institute as an incorporation will be kept carefully and exactly and each worker in the Institute will be placed on a reasonable salary including Doctor Shores himself, and every cent paid in will be credited as receipts, so that when a profit is found it will be exact and it will be divided immediately among those who hold the shares of stock. And further the stock is absolutely non-assessable and cannot be taken from the legal holder under any circumstances as is set forth in article seventeen of the articles of incorporation on file in the County Court and with the Secretary of the State of Utah as follows:

ARTICLE SEVENTEEN.

"The stock of this corporation shall be non-assessable and shall not be forfeited by any legal holder for any reason whatever."

The sole object is Dr. G. W. Shores' desire to extend to every sufferer in the land the highest medical skill at the smallest possible expense to the sufferer.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1896.

No. 5.

NORWAY.

Scraps of Legend and History.

IN studying the history of any nation we endeavor to discover as much as possible of the origin and early conditions of the people. This is often a

in these traditions, which, true or otherwise, are of some interest to us. One of these legends is of the King Olaf, the first Christian king in the land, who

* * * * raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse ;



STREET IN TROMSØ, NORWAY.

difficult matter, as so much of the ancient history of any land is little more than mythological tales and legends. These are sometimes very interesting, and are often believed to be not without foundation. The country under our consideration at present is not lacking

Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross ;
Choose !

* * * * *
King Olaf said, "O, Sea King !
Little time have we for speaking ;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die."

Many years ago in this far-off land,

upon the huge cliffs, against which the ocean madly tossed its spray high into the air, stood a strong, massive fortress called the "Castle of the Winds," owned by two brothers who were sorcerers. When Olaf was a mere child he was carried to this lonely castle, by the will of his mother, Astrid, to learn of the mysteries of the gods, with whom the wizards professed to be on intimate terms. Olaf soon discovered, however, that the brothers were not all that they professed to be; that, instead of being

ments took the oath; everything was sworn but the mistletoe, which was unfortunately overlooked. This gave the wicked Loki, the spirit of evil, a chance to try his power. He made a spear of the mistletoe, which he gave to Hodur, the blind brother of Baldur, to throw at him. Tradition tells us that the blind god still holds the spear, and that if he ever hurls it his brother will perish; and then the spirits of evil, using the earth, air and water will overthrow the gods, and the end of the world will come.



TRAVELERS.

in holy communion with the gods, they were aiding and befriending the wicked pirates who swarmed the coasts. He grew to hate his teachers and their deities, only believing in the happy god, Thor, whom all boys admired, and the mighty Baldur, the son of Odin and Frigg. This god, according to the myth, was the idol of his parents, who succeeded in making everything in creation swear to protect their child. Mountains, winds, sea, and the ele-

The earth, sun, moon and stars will be consumed by fire and cast into the sea. There was another prophecy in connection with this, of which the sorcerers did not like to speak, that after the end there would rise out of the sea a new heaven and earth, to be ruled by the All-Father with mercy and justice. This tale delighted Olaf, and he loved to relate it to his little playmate, Signe, who, being a timid girl and much younger than the prince, would cling to

him in affright when he came to the burning up part.

Olaf grew so discontented with his lot, and so anxious to free himself from the rule of the sorcerers, that his little friend, who had been brought into the castle through a secret passage from the sea, told him how he could escape. This entrance was known only to the brothers, the pirates, and little Signe, who still remembered it. She showed the boy the way, although she knew how sad and lonely she would be without him. He was met at the door by a troop of soldiers; whether they were friends or foes Signe never knew; but they carried him away with them to distant lands.

Years passed by, and whispers of a wonderful new religion reached the castle; and the brothers, in their fear and anger, gladly consented to assist in making a great sacrifice of animals and human beings to Baldur, to ward off the danger. They feared that Hodur would throw the spear, and that all would be lost. They decided to offer Signe as one of the human lives which they were to furnish.

On the day of the sacrifice, while the brothers were at the temple making their preparations, poor little Signe, sitting in her prison, mourning over her sad fate, and dreaming of her long-lost friend, saw a mighty ship striving to enter the fiord. The wind raged and moaned around the castle, the waves dashed themselves into spray against the cliffs, the clouds hung black and lowering over the raging ocean; all heaven and earth seemed bent upon the destruction of the noble vessel which was vainly striving to draw near the shore. Signe watched it aimlessly. "They are pirates," she thought. "How foolish of them to try to combat with fate! They

must perish. We all must perish. The end is near." She did not know that the ship contained her only friend, who was risking all for her sake, until King Olaf came, and, loosing her chains, carried her away with him.

The castle now is seen no more, it having been consumed by fire immediately upon the departure of the king; but one can still see the grotesque outlines of human faces upon the mighty crags, which the legend tells us are the wizards cursed by the Christian king.

Whether this story of Olaf's life is true or not, we cannot say; but that he was the first promoter of the Christian faith in Norway is certain. His religious ideas were more instinctive than comprehensive; but he enthusiastically embraced the cause, and established the new religion forever in the land. He gave the people their choice between death or Christianity, and they chose the latter, often from a fear of the king and the terrible tortures which he inflicted, rather than from a love of Christ.

Olaf commenced his reign in the year 995, and in 1001 he was drowned at sea. He was on an expedition, in his great ship the *Long Serpent*, against the kings of Denmark and Sweden, and, having been defeated, he is supposed to have thrown himself overboard. His countrymen would not at first believe in his death; but when he returned no more, they were bound to accept the truth.

The country was then taken possession of by the conquerors, and divided between them. Norway has endeavored to regain her freedom, but has never succeeded. Even now she is under the control of Sweden, although she has a comparatively free government of her own.

No other country presents such a remarkable coast-line as Norway. It is of rugged mountains, which rise almost perpendicularly out of the water, broken in places by the fiords through which the ocean extends its arms inland. This adds to the beauty and picturesqueness of the country. On the interior are rivers and beautiful, clear lakes, which are numerous and very deep.

The water, lying in these fiords and around the islands which line the coast, being cut off from the icy ocean currents which sweep down from the north, is always mild in temperature, and moderates the climate, which would otherwise be extremely cold. The temperature of the water is as high as, and often higher than, that of the surrounding atmosphere. The climate of the interior is not so even as that of the coast, the summers being warmer, the winters colder than that reached by the sea. As there is no great formation of ice along the coast in the winter, the sun is able, during the summer months, to produce the best results upon the vegetation.

There was at one time what is known as the "ice age," of which vestiges still remain. The glaciers have swept on into the sea, and now perpetual snow is found only in elevated localities and in the northern regions.

During the summer months the grass and flowers spring forth abundantly. The hills are covered with dense forests of pine, fir, spruce, oak, and many other kinds of trees. Through the forests roam the wolf, the bear, and the lynx, preying upon the deer, elk, and smaller mammals, such as the hare. As the forests disappear, the animals which abound in them become scarce. The reindeer and elk, so valuable to the

people, are protected by them as much as possible.

The Norwegians, who are a peaceable, industrious people, find ample means of support in the many advantages offered in the sea and on the land. The fiords abound in all kinds of aquatic animals, as do also the rivers and lakes. Hundreds of the inhabitants gain a livelihood by fishing. The whale, oyster, salmon, herring and trout are commonly found. Those who are engaged in this occupation sometimes do not taste any other flesh for months at a time than the fish that they catch. The blubber and sperm of the whale are shipped inland to the factories, where the oil is extracted. Tromso is a small fishing port, and the capital of the Tromso Amt. It has a population of some 66,000 inhabitants.

The vast forests furnish timber for ship-building, and this, together with the nearness of the ocean and the fascination which it possesses, makes a race of sailors. The felling and exporting of timber affords another occupation for the people. The exports of this material alone amount to about \$11,640,000.00 annually. The forests are under government control, and a wanton destruction of the trees is not permitted. However, some kinds are becoming scarce.

Norway carries on a considerable foreign commerce, and it is rapidly increasing.

The educational system is one of the best in Europe; a common education is general even among the poorest classes.

The population of Norway in 1891, when the last census was taken, was 1,999,176. The population is steadily increasing, in spite of the constant emigration from the country.

R. A. C.

... THE ...

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.**

IT IS very gratifying to witness the advantages which the children of these mountains have at the present time in matters of education. We are likely to have before long one of the best educated communities to be found within the confines of the United States. School buildings are of the most costly and excellent character; teachers are well qualified, and are generally selected with some degree of care, and education is receiving attention such as probably it never received before within the Republic. It is surprising in traveling in this and other States to see how widespread and earnest is the desire for school learning. It is almost universal, and young men and young women are seeking for and obtaining college training in greater numbers than ever before. To be ignorant at the present time appears disgraceful, because education is so easily and cheaply obtained.

In the early days the Elders of this Church could travel and mingle with the people, even though they were illiterate, and create no particular comment—at least, not such as would be evoked at the present time by illiteracy, because in those days illiteracy was more common. School facilities were not plentiful; the whole of the United States was what might be termed new, and the struggles to form new settlements in every direction prevented large masses of the people from obtaining more than

the most meagre knowledge of school education. This lack of book learning in those days was no disgrace. But now all this is changed. There is danger now of there being in some respects too much education—that is, book education—and too great a neglect of that practical education that is necessary for the upbuilding of a nation.

If education should have the tendency to make young people look upon manual labor with dislike or as being beneath them, then education, so far as that is concerned, is a failure. If it should have the effect to make young men think they must learn a profession or follow some avocation in which they will not soil their clothes or their hands, then so far as that is concerned it is injurious. Such training or the adoption of such ideas, is not true education. Education ought to be of a character to qualify men and women to be better citizens, to be more useful, to equip them in the best manner for the battle of life, to make them more capable of providing a subsistence for themselves and for others who may be dependent upon them. Any education which fails in this is false and unsound. Labor ought to be glorified and made most honorable. Idleness should be made to appear as a sin. All labor that does not lead to evil should be made to appear honorable. If the labor itself is not of a character to make a man dignified, the man himself should be taught to dignify the labor in his person; he should never allow it to appear degrading. Any education that has a tendency to make honorable labor, however humble, appear menial is dangerous.

We need in our State educated workmen in all the paths of life. All cannot be lawyers, all cannot be doctors, all cannot be professional men, nor mer-

chants. The earth must be tilled, grain must be sown, trees must be planted, crops must be harvested, houses and other structures must be reared and the materials to construct them must be provided, and all this involves toil. The improvements which have been made in machinery and new appliances have lightened toil to a wonderful extent. Doubtless other improvements will follow which will relieve labor of many of its arduous and toilsome features. We live in an age of progress. The Lord is revealing the secrets of nature, and men inspired by Him—though seldom giving Him the glory therefor—are obtaining an insight into hidden forces which they are bringing into use for the benefit of man. As time rolls on the Latter-day Saints will be able to avail themselves of the advantages which these discoveries afford. Under the system which God has revealed, a better order of things will be established, by which all classes of our people will be benefitted, and all will receive and share in the benefits of those grand discoveries which God is causing to be brought to light. The prospect may not appear very bright to many for class distinctions to be obliterated; but sooner or later they must disappear; for God has founded Zion, and He will build up Zion, and in building up Zion equality among His children will have to be observed and maintained.

We sincerely trust that in the eager efforts that are being made for education by the young men and young women of our community, they will always remember that the man who is the best educated is the man who is the most useful to his fellow-man. No man can show that education has been of true profit to him, unless he proves that he

is a benefactor to his race. The man who can perform the greatest amount of good for mankind and for their elevation to a higher plane, where they can enjoy all that God has so bountifully provided, not for one class of His children, but for all, shows that he is the possessor of true knowledge.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.--SERIES II., NO. 4.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, FEB. 1st, 1896.

Board of Examiners.—An adjournment of the regular quarterly meeting of this Board had been taken until Friday, January 25th, at 4 p.m. A quorum was present. The reports of the successful examinations of candidates for academic and intermediate grades respectively were received and ordered to be recorded. The diplomas and certificates of the successful candidates will be issued and published in due time, in conformity with our established rules.

Several applications for examination in the academic grade could not be acted upon, as the candidates had neglected to specify the courses and the branches they had chosen to represent them. Candidates will please avoid this oversight in future, and thus save our Secretary much additional labor.

The names of several instructors and specialists appear in the lists of some of our Church School faculties, who either have not yet secured a license, or whose license has expired. This is in violation of the instructions given in General Circular, No. 7, page 5. Principals will oblige, therefore, the General Superintendent by rectifying this neglect before March 1st, so that in his report to the General Board at April Conference no

special mention of such cases need be made.

All candidates for academic honors, either as regular professors or as specialists, or for certificates of the intermediate or the primary grades, are requested to send in their applications, containing specifications as to courses and branches (see General Circular, No. 7, pages 6-12) to Prof. Willard Done, Salt Lake City (P. O. Box 1706), no later than April 1st next. Applications received later cannot be considered before October next.

No annual license can be renewed in any case without special permission of President Wilford Woodruff.

Principals will be held responsible in future for engaging or continuing in service any instructor who is not duly authorized by the General Board.

Brigham Young Academy.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution, held Friday, January 24th—Apostle Brigham Young presiding—it was decided, on motion of President George Q. Cannon, to appeal to the friends of the Academy for assistance in the endeavor to raise the necessary funds for the completion of the Academy building and for other pressing needs.

This institution is the recognized Church Normal Training School for teachers of all grades from the kindergarten to the collegiate courses. It also conducts Normal training classes for Sunday School and for Mutual Improvement Association work, besides offering unsurpassed facilities for scientific, commercial, artistic and technical studies. Eight hundred students from almost every county of Utah, as also from Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, Old and New Mexico, are at present in attendance. The institution is in charge

of a large corps of efficient professors and instructors.

The phenomenal growth of this mother institution of all our Church schools, in regard to attendance, efficiency, and influence, notwithstanding the many almost overwhelming difficulties, is an evidence of its indispensable mission in the educational system of the Latter-day Saints.

Church School Convention.—Requests have been made by several of our collaborators that a Church School Convention be called some time during the summer vacation, for the purpose of harmonizing the labors of the various Church schools, and to assist in advancing our educational system still nearer to the point for which it is destined, to take the lead among the educational systems of the world.

To this end it is suggested that present as well as former duly authorized teachers in our Church school organization, or any officers thereof, should communicate to the General Superintendent their ideas in regard to place, time, subject matter and mode of procedure, at their earliest convenience, so that steps may be taken to carry the idea to a successful issue.

The following suggestions on the subject have been made already: 1. Two sessions should be held per day, for the period of two weeks, with class exercises and lectures on educational topics. 2. A committee on plan of work should be appointed. 3. Evening lectures should be given by leading public lecturers, active educators among the Latter-day Saints given the preference. 4. Special attention be given to methods of theological instructions as approved by the Church authorities. 5. The formation of a permanent organization of Latter-day Saint teachers, with offic-

ers for the ensuing year. 6. Adoption of general plans for high school, intermediate, and primary grades in our Church schools.

Religion Classes.—By kind invitation of Elder T. C. Griggs, Superintendent of Sunday Schools for Salt Lake Stake, the undersigned gave a class drill, with explanatory lecture on primary religion class work before the monthly Sunday school teachers' meeting, at the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, Salt Lake City, Monday, January 20th, at 7:30 p.m.

A very satisfactory report from Elder Daniel T. Miller, Superintendent of Religion Classes of Cache Valley Stake has been received. It appears from this report that he is assisted by four assistants in his superintendency, that seventeen wards of that stake have classes organized, and that fifty-seven superintendents and instructors are laboring in religion class work in Cache Valley Stake. This is the proudest record that any stake of Zion has been able to make thus far in this direction.

By order of the General Church Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE POWER OF GOD MANIFESTED.

THE power of God to bring to pass His purposes and to fulfill His promises has been wonderfully illustrated by the events of the past few years. Who could have thought ten years ago, in viewing the condition and prospects of the Latter-day Saints, that such a remarkable change in public sentiment concerning them could have occurred within so short a period of time? To very many people, at that time, it seemed as though the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was doomed

to overthrow, and that its members would be compelled to either abandon their faith or become outlaws. Many friends of the Latter-day Saints thought this fate almost inevitable, for the feeling against them appeared to be so fixed and unrelenting that escape seemed impossible. Among other plans which were suggested and advocated to forever destroy the power and influence of the Latter-day Saints was that to disfranchise them—that is, to take away from them the right to vote, and to reduce them to the condition of Indians and Chinamen. Men who understood what the effect of this would be and were desirous to forever destroy the influence of the Mormon people urged the enactment of this measure. A man without a vote in this country is deprived, in one sense, of the chief attribute of manhood, and becomes debased and reduced to the condition of a slave. All his rights are at the mercy of others. And in the case of a community like ours the effect would be most disastrous and widespread. The franchise once taken away, and the people reduced to this helpless state, when could its restoration ever be looked for? It is much easier to lose rights than to gain them. It is much easier to contend and battle for them while in one's possession than to struggle to regain them when once they have been taken away. When a race or community, as for instance, the Indians and Chinese, have no vote, they have neither the power nor the influence which the negro race have; the latter can vote and this compels respect. The proposition, therefore, to disfranchise us was fraught with more danger to us and our future influence than any that has ever been made concerning us—excepting the proposition to kill us off.

Our God was exceedingly merciful to

us, and helped us ward off this threatened calamity. The retention of the franchise has been attended with many advantages. It is true, a great many unpleasant things have arisen in our midst through our division upon party lines; but storms of this character are much easier endured and the troubles that grow out of them much easier corrected than the evils that would follow the disfranchisement of the people. We now not only as men have the right to vote and to express our views concerning the government of our land, and whom we shall have to act as our officers and to enact our laws, but the women of our State also have the same right. There is a striking contrast between possessing these privileges and rights and the abject and dreadful condition the people of our religion would have been in had the franchise been taken from the men.

The deliverance that has been wrought out for us during these recent years ought to call forth the liveliest emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord; for there is no power but His that could have brought about such grand changes as we witness. The State of Utah has taken a wonderful stride in advance. There is no part of the United States which possesses greater interest or attracts more attention than does our own State, and the change in public sentiment concerning the Latter-day Saints and the qualities they possess is not the least remarkable among the many changes that have occurred. The example which the Saints have set in Utah is pointed to. It is quoted very favorably, and our methods are looked upon with favor. Many of the features of our management of affairs which in former days were condemned are now praised. Sufficient time has elapsed to

enable men to see the beneficent results which have followed their operation. This will continue to be the case if the Latter-day Saints do their duty.

We have advantages such as no other people possess. God has given unto us the truth. He has enlightened us by His Holy Spirit. He has taught us standards that are much higher than those which are accepted by the world at large. If we will live up to these standards we shall have an ideal condition of affairs in our country; our people will possess qualities that will extort admiration, because they will be qualities that mankind who desire excellence seek after. Already we have taught the world a good many things—lessons which many are showing greater willingness to accept. Not only is this the case in religious matters and doctrine, but it is also the case in business affairs. It is our mission—the work for which we have been chosen, for which we have been organized, and for which we have been preserved—to teach the world lessons of a higher, a purer and a better life and to work out a great revolution in the affairs of the children of men. The world greatly needs such lessons as we are capable of teaching it; and if we follow the guidance of Him who has chosen us, we shall be able to teach it these lessons, and set it examples that shall be more and more impressive.

How necessary is it, then, that having this high mission entrusted to us we should endeavor to discharge its duties in a manner that shall be acceptable unto the Lord and that will fulfill the destiny He has in view for us!

Our children should be taught to not live according to the traditions of the world nor after the fashion that their parents have been trained in, but to live a higher life, to have higher ideals of

life than those which prevail in the world, and to bring into their lives the elevating power and glorious tendencies of the principles of the Gospel. The Gospel is not a Sunday affair; it is not a theory; but it is entirely practical, when viewed aright and applied as the Lord intends it shall be. It is not an affair to be put on and off as we do our Sunday clothes; to be thought about only when we meet together for worship; but its principles ought to be embodied in our lives, in our daily practice, and children should be taught that this is the express purpose of the Gospel, and that this is the true way of living. No greater mission was ever entrusted to man than that which has been given to the Latter-day Saints; and God has shown His power in behalf of His Saints for the express purpose of accomplishing the great end He has in view. He has saved us repeatedly from the most threatening calamities; His care is constantly over us as a people, and He will continue His salvation unto us from this time forward until the end. But He will remove from His Church all that offend, all that are impure, and all that will not live according to the requirements which He makes.

AN INTERESTING COMMUNITY.

THE *Ile de Sein* is an island off the coast of France, a little more than a mile long and scarcely a quarter of a mile broad in its widest part; yet it supports a fixed population of about eight hundred. These depend for subsistence upon fishing, as the island is but little more than a bare rock. It is said that the annual value of the fishery amounts to about \$60,000, and the fishery has brought such prosperity to the islanders that there is now little or no poverty

among them. The principal fish caught are lobsters and cray-fish. Being so exposed and following such a hazardous occupation, a great many of the men are drowned and widows are quite numerous on the little island.

But the point that our attention is drawn to connected with these islanders is that they rarely marry with any people from the mainland. Girls on the mainland do not wish to submit to an existence which is little better than imprisonment on this small and dreary rock. The people have been in the habit of marrying almost exclusively among themselves for centuries. The natural consequence is that they are all more or less blood relations. They are really a population of cousins. Scarcely a marriage takes place without the Catholic Church having to give what is called a dispensation, so as to permit the blood relations to marry.

The opinion which prevails among physiologists and scientific men generally is that a race which marries as closely as this, and has continued to do so for centuries, must give evidence of physical and mental degradation. But it is said that such is not the case in this instance. These islanders are superior to all the fishing population that one sees in the neighboring ports, and are quite free from any tendency to deformity or idiocy. The beauty of the women contrasts wonderfully with the plainness of those of the neighboring mainland. It is said that they are noted for the straightness and delicacy of the nose, the prominence of the chin and the sensibility of the mouth. With these features there is often a certain porcelain-like whiteness of the skin combined with rosiness of cheek. Such delicacy of feature and tint, together with such refinement of expression, is so rare in women

accustomed from childhood to a hard life and much exposure to weather, that the visitor marvels to find it here upon this desolate rock. As age approaches, they frequently become handsome. These islanders rarely eat any animal food, except fish. The common drink is water or cider; water is precious for much of that which is used is brought from the mainland.

This description of these islanders is very interesting, because it comes in contact with the commonly received idea that intermarriage is attended with bad effects. Here is an illustration of the opposite effect. Doubtless these results are due to the healthiness of the people, the simplicity and correctness of their lives, and perhaps, to a very great extent, to the original stock being free from taint, physical or mental, of every kind. Intermarriage among people who have unhealthy tendencies, either physical or mental, is likely to be attended with very bad effects; but a pure race, possessing full mental and physical vigor, is not likely, by intermarriage, to degenerate into idiocy or deformity.

MANNER OF ORDAINING PRIESTS AND TEACHERS.

We are informed that some question has arisen in some of the Stakes as to the proper manner of ordaining priests or teachers. Some have referred to the manner of ordination which "the disciples who were called the elders of the church ordained priests and teachers" among the Nephites, as given in the Book of Mormon, and think that the form there given is not applicable to this dispensation, but that they should be ordained with greater fullness of language.

There certainly would be no harm in

adopting the form that is given in the Book of Mormon; neither would there be any harm, if the Spirit so led, in using greater fullness of language. If, however, the language used in the Book of Mormon was sufficient to ordain priests and teachers, and they were ordained "according to the gifts and callings of God unto men" and "by the power of the Holy Ghost which was in" the men who ordained them, in the days when the Lord had a church on the earth before, that language is certainly sufficient to convey the same authority at the present time.

Our readers will notice that the form which is given in administering the sacrament, in blessing the bread and in blessing the wine, is exactly the same that has been given to us by revelation in our day; and while we are not told that this form of ordination is to be followed by us in ordaining priests and teachers, the object in it being recorded as it is in the Book of Mormon was for our benefit, that we might see the manner in which ordinations were attended to in that day.

HOW THE TEN COMMANDMENTS WERE FIRST GIVEN.

A question has been asked by a theological class as to how the ten commandments were first given to the children of Israel at Mount Sinai. Some of the pupils believe they were given in the presence of the people, and they saw the face of the Lord and heard His words, while others think they did not hear the words, but only the sound of the trumpets, the thunderings and the great noise.

A close reading of the text leads to the conclusion that though the Lord had told Moses to make the people ready for

the third day when He would come down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai, when all the people heard the thunderings, and the noise of the trumpet, and saw the lightnings, and the mountain smoking, they were frightened, their faith failed them, and they removed and stood afar off, and they said unto Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

We are asked, Is the Church of God and the Kingdom of God the same organization? and we are informed that some of the brethren hold that they are separate.

This is the correct view to take. The Kingdom of God is a separate organization from the Church of God. There may be men acting as officers in the Kingdom of God who will not be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On this point the Prophet Joseph gave particular instructions before his death, and gave an example, which he asked the younger Elders who were present to always remember. It was to the effect that men might be chosen to officiate as members of the Kingdom of God who had no standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Kingdom of God when established will not be for the protection of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints alone, but for the protection of all men, whatever their religious views or opinions may be. Under its rule, no one will be permitted to overstep the proper bounds or to interfere with the rights of others.

The Editor.

No man is without his load of trouble.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.)

One day a stranger came to Bonnie Glen.

An Indian woman, with her sick papoose bound upon her back, a sturdy lad trudging by her side, and empty cages woven of the wild bamboo in her hands, came up from the populous city whither she had wandered on her annual pilgrimage, asking alms and selling mocking birds.

She stopped at the store, and Simonton gave her hard tack and bologna, while the villagers gathered curiously around her. She called at the house of Boggs, the cobbler-preacher, and Miss Elmira Boggs, his only child and the apple of his eye, presented her with her last winter's cloak and a bundle of tracts. She strolled up to the schoolhouse, and the children clustered about her, trying to make out her funny patois, peeping at the papoose, and urging the sullen featured boy to join in their frolics. Mrs. Frazer, meeting her by the roadside, unbent to inquire what price mocking birds had brought that season, half promising to buy one from her the next year. Footsore and weary, she stopped at the blacksmith's gate, and kind-hearted Mrs. Staples invited her in to rest and gave her food for herself and her little ones, and a worn blanket in which to wrap the sick baby. Staples coming upon her in the midst of these ministrations, abetted her weakness by leading the pilgrims to comfortable quarters for the night in his great barn loft, filled with hay.

Next morning the six Staples' boys, hovering over their guests with youthful zest for the weird and outlandish, reported the woman too sick to leave her bed on the hay, and more provisions were carried up to the loft by the young

philanthropists. Day after day passed and still the squaw and her babe lay helpless, while her boy played with the children of Bonnie Glen by day and crawled to his mother's side at night.

At length the blacksmith climbed up to the loft one day and came down with a blanched face.

"My heavens, Annie!" he groaned. "Why didn't we think of the smallpox raging down at——" naming the city whence the wanderer had come. "And there's Robbie ailing all day, and Ned complaining. Oh, Annie, if I should lose you or the boys!"

A fleet messenger was dispatched to Norwood, the nearest available medical adviser, who promptly came. He declared the disease smallpox of a malignant type.

The Indian baby died that night and was buried before dawn. At daybreak Robbie was in a raging fever, and two of his brothers were coming down with a violent type of the malady. A day later reports of other victims began to come in. Miss Elmira Boggs was very ill. Frazer was ailing. One of Simon-ton's daughters had taken to her bed. Several school children living up a distant gulch had been attacked.

School was at once suspended and Mary joined the parents in caring for their sick brood. A messenger was sent to the next settlement below, a brisk little town a dozen miles away, the dwelling-place of the old doctor whom it had been customary to summon to Bonnie Glen in case of accident or emergency, for it had been the boast of her inhabitants that disease had never obtained any foothold there. The old doctor declined to neglect his regular practice and plunge into the thick of a struggle with a deadly disease, of which he might carry back the infection.

In this extremity all turned to Norwood, and he rose to the cry as a soldier answers the bugle call. If he thought of himself at all, it was with the reflection that it was good to find so worthy a cause to which to dedicate his little remnant of life.

Day and night the young doctor traveled up and down the Glen, answering every call, giving his best skill to every patient. When he slept, it was lying on a lounge, fully clothed, or sitting by some patient the crisis in whose disease he awaited. When he ate he joined in the hastily prepared family meal of some panic-stricken home, or accepted a cup of coffee pressed upon him at the door of some sick room.

Each of Staples' sturdy boys sickened and passed through a phase of the disease that in its violence seemed proportioned to their own vigorous constitutions. Mary shared the parents' anxiety and joined their rejoicing when the doctor pronounced the last of the six out of danger and on the highroad to recovery.

"Where is help most needed?" she asked Norwood simply, when she saw that she could be spared from this happy household.

"Everywhere. At Frazer's most of all," he promptly answered. "Frazer had a mild attack and is pretty well over it, but his head doesn't seem exactly right. His wife is badly off, and he isn't fit to take care of her."

Mary did not go up to Frazer's without some mild remonstrance from her friends, but she held steadily to her duty. She found the sick woman, lying in an untidy room, berating her husband's poor housekeeping, and groaning over the unskimmed milk in the dairy and the setting hens that Frazer would be sure to get mixed up when it came

to feeding and getting them back on their nests. She stared at Mary, mutteringly accepted her attentions, but when the girl had bathed her, combed out her tangled hair and put clean linen on her, the woman put her hands over her poor disfigured face, its harsh lines grotesquely distorted by the eruption that covered it, and shed weak tears.

Her cheerful young nurse took no notice of this demonstration, but prepared wholesome and appetizing food for her, skimmed the cream and induced Mr. Frazer to churn the butter, and saw that Mrs. Biddy No. 6, who had been set the week before, did not gain possession of the nest of Mrs. Biddy No. 1, whose chicks were peeping in the shell.

She restored order in the demoralized kitchen and cheered the spirits and recalled the wandering wits of poor Mr. Frazer with her blithe voice and smile.

A week later, with the blessings of a soured old woman on her head, she returned to the settlement, and joined Norwood in his work there.

Miss Elmira Boggs was dying. Over her hung her father, wringing his hands and helplessly crying out in his despair. The dying girl watched him with curiously strained eyes. All day she had been lying still and thoughtful, occasionally startling the neighbors with questions which caused them to shake their heads sadly and declare "poor Miss Elmiry was 'out of' her head."

She directed one of these inquiries to her father:

"It's all dark ahead, pa. How do you know there is light beyond? Are you sure—sure?"

The old man dropped on his knees, burying his face in the bed-clothes.

"Don't talk so, Elmiry. Have faith, deary—faith in your Savior."

"But—are you sure, pa? Or is it all a guess? One doesn't want to trust to guesses when—they sail on unknown waters. Do you *know* there is a God?"

The girl's voice had risen to a shrill cry of terror. Boggs, dumb and unanswering, pressed his hands to his ears to shut it out. Norwood, who had entered unheard, and was standing in the open door, came quietly forward and took the girl's hand, meeting her strained vision with calm, commanding eyes.

"Yes, Elmira, we know. Know by His constant deeds of love and mercy. This beautiful world of His creation is a constant testimony of His love, and a promise we can trust that beyond the shadows a more beautiful world and a higher life is waiting. Trust to His word. 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.'"

Slowly he repeated the words of that most comforting of Psalms, the dying girl clinging to his hand. As he finished, she relaxed her hold, and he bent and reverently crossed her hands upon her breast.

Little Mrs. Staples, having seen all her family through the plague, herself came down with a mild attack of varioloid, and was faithfully nursed through it by Mary, while Staples stood guard over his young army of peevish convalescents.

"You seem to lead a charmed existence, Miss Wentworth," her latest patient said one day when she was able to be about again, gratefully pressing the girl's small hand which had done such generous service. "No one has been exposed like you, shut up for days at a time with people in every stage of the disease. Yet you do not take it."

"Don't flatter me, Mrs. Staples. There seems something selfish in my

perfect health, when all around me are suffering."

"God has given you strength in time of need, my daughter," said a deep, rich voice.

In the doorway stood a stalwart figure in the coarse garb of the Franciscan order, and with the martial bearing of a soldier of the Lord.

"It is Father Joaquin! Padre Joaquin!" shouted the boys, surrounding him, a rejoicing group. The blacksmith and his wife re-echoed the cry.

In a distant Franciscan mission Father Joaquin had heard of the single-handed fight one man was waging with death and disease in this isolated spot, and he had traveled day and night over the rough mountain trails to lend him aid.

He gravely listened to their account of the ravages of the pest, and of the young doctor's heroic devotion to the people. He shook his head as they finished.

"I have come none too soon," he said.

The door opened and Norwood entered. He did not seem to see the faces around him, but groped his way to a chair like one stricken with sudden blindness, pressing his hands to his temples.

"I am tired—deathly tired!" he said.

Mary knelt at his feet, chafing his cold hands. Mrs. Staples held to his lips a stimulating drink, but he turned away his head repeating the same monotonous plaint:

"Only tired—so deathly tired!"

Padre Joaquin observed the scene in silence for a time; then he lifted the fainting man in his own strong arms and bore him to the bed in the dainty, white-draped room Mary had occupied. It was Father Joaquin who persuaded

him to take a soothing draught, and who worked over him until midnight saw the sufferer sink into an uneasy slumber. And Padre Joaquin repeated to himself his own words spoken but a little time before:

"I have come none too soon—none too soon!"

Norwood slept but an hour. He awoke raving in delirium, and then began the sharp struggle a system so long in the grasp of a mortal malady was about to wage with another and a fiercer foe.

"The doctor is down!"

Like wildfire the news flew through the settlement. Even hearts that had lately suffered the bitter woe of parting with their own felt the strain of suspense that ruled the Glen, with the knowledge that this staunch friend who had so fearlessly stood by them in the thick of the battle, who had endeared himself to all by sympathy and faithful service and skill so freely given, was prostrated with disease contracted in their service, with the certainty that it would go hard with him.

All hearts seemed to hang upon the tidings from his sickroom. Men and women gathered at the gate, and waited for the word brought by still messengers who ventured nearer. They journeyed to the white cottage as to a shrine. It sheltered one who had been willing to lay down his life for them, and who had not counted the cost.

In the darkened room something more than a battle for life was being waged. The story of a soul was being unfolded.

In the grasp of fever, wild with delirium, the seal that Norwood had set on his lips was broken. In rambling phrases and disjointed cries that racked the hearts of his hearers, he revealed his melancholy past. They became ac-

quainted with the soaring ambitions of his youth, the nobler aims of manhood. They learned the silent agony he had endured when the cup of life, filled to the brim, was snatched from his lips; the bitter despair that had never been outwardly revealed, the young man's hopeless rebellion, his final resignation to fate.

Sometimes consciousness returned for a brief interval, and he recognized a face that was always near him; but oftenest, when his pitiful cry for "Mary!" rent his watcher's heart, and she placed her hand soothingly upon his head, he would view her with blank, uncomprehending eyes, or weakly endeavor to push her away, repeating his appealing cry:

"Mary! don't leave me, Mary! Keep close to me so long as I am here. Let your face be the last on which my eyes close."

Interrupted by moans and sighs, this refrain was constantly on his lips.

For eleven days the fever ebbed and flowed in his veins. For eleven days such of the people as were able to drag themselves along the roads or could be spared from sick-rooms, made constant pilgrimage to Staples' cottage. As every day made evident the fatal progress of the disease, a deep depression settled upon Bonnie Glen. Only a few rebelled against the inevitable, or dared to hope for the miraculous.

"He's got to live!" protested Boggs. "We can't spare him."

Padre Joaquin, who came and went in his ministrations among the sick, placed his hand on Mary's head as he entered the sick-room this eleventh day, and the look of high courage on his saintly old face was inspiration and strength.

"Be brave, my daughter! I have faith

that the Lord will yet give him back to us. Humanity needs such souls as Norwood's."

But when the priest had looked upon the still figure lying wrapped in the dread lethargy that precedes death, he whispered a prayer over him, and left the room with a murmured blessing.

Mary Wentworth sat motionless beside the bed, her hands clasped on the coverlet, all her soul going out to that kindred spirit, so dear to her, unconsciously making ready for its last, lone journey. Once Mrs. Staples came and placed her arms around the girl.

"Oh, my dear, don't look like that! Don't give up! He must live—live for your sake. Do go and lie down, Miss Wentworth. You have not tasted food or closed your eyes for more than twenty-four hours. We will call you if there is the least change."

But the girl shook her head in mournful negation, imploring to be left alone in her grief and desolation.

Mary lost all count of time. She was conscious that night went by, and dawn came, with a flutter of wings and a musical twitter outside the open window. And at length there was a stir, a movement of the still form. Norwood's eyes opened and rested on her with an unfathomable look, and he faintly murmured:

"Mary—your face—the last."

She could not speak. She could only reach out her hand, her strong, shapely hand, through whose veins pulsed an abounding vitality, and place it in his, wasted and feverish, which closed tightly upon it, while his eyes, smiling a dreamy content, again closed.

Her heart was well nigh bursting. A lifetime of agony and renunciation seemed compressed into the next few moments. Was this to be the last?

Were life, and hope, and all that made life dear, fading from her with that last look and handclasp? She bowed her head in anguish, and prayed for strength to bear—merely to be able to bear.

What was it that caused her to lift her face and look so intently at the sufferer? The hand she held—the hot, dry hand he had held out to her—had suddenly grown moist and natural. She bent over him and listened. He was breathing as sweetly and softly as a child. Eagerly she watched and waited, and doubt gave place to hope, and hope yielded to blessed certainty.

Then a great drowsiness overcame her. Scarcely daring to breath or stir, still clasping the wasted hand, she softly lowered her head until it rested on the edge of his pillow. Mrs. Staples, cautiously entering the room a little later, found her resting there, while Norwood slumbered peacefully on.

One afternoon in June they started out for their first walk together since he rose from his bed of sickness.

It seemed as if all Bonnie Glen turned out to greet them as they passed. Delighted children ran to meet them, their hands filled with flowers. Men and women, still wan from sickness, reached their hands over their low gates to press the young doctor's in their own, and moist eyes made eloquent clumsy words of gratitude. Neighbor exchanged meaning glance with neighbor, from hearts overflowing with love and thankfulness, as they looked after the young couple.

They turned their faces towards the hills, and stopped to rest on a charming bench of land overlooking the entire Glen. Near at hand was a crumbling house, and around them were tall olive trees, a few neglected lemon and orange trees, a dilapidated grape arbor, and a

wayward tangle of Castilian roses, sweet with bloom, the ruins of an old Spanish garden.

Norwood looked long at the picturesque little settlement, once so hateful to him, now grown so strangely dear. Each lichen-grown roof sheltered hearts joined to his own in the close bond that only loving service, freely given and accepted, can forge.

He led the girl to a seat beside an old sun-dial. She observed that he was strangely grave and pre-occupied.

"Mary," he said, "I've come to a different conclusion about my case. All the doctors were wrong, or the type has changed. The case is one of the slow sort, after all. It's going to be like Saffron's."

The girl's face was turned away from him. Could he have seen it, he might have been surprised, or even aggrieved, at the odd smile that gathered there.

"This makes it necessary for me to revise all my plans," Norwood went on seriously. "Of course no one can tell how long this new lease of life is going to run, but I certainly cannot afford to spend it in idleness. It would not be wise to attempt living in any lower altitude. What is more, I would not be willing to live anywhere else but in Bonnie Glen."

Mary nodded her head approvingly. She seemed waiting to hear the rest.

"It would be useless to think of depending upon my profession up here. The people are not able to pay doctor's bills, and it's only on rare occasions that they need medical advice. But I must have occupation. Now this piece of land on which we are standing is owned by Staples. There are twenty acres of it. The soil is excellent; frost never touches it, and there is any amount of water. He offers it to me a

an absurdly low price. A little cabin of three or four rooms would make capital bachelor quarters, with the old adobe as a picturesque adjunct. And I might possibly cultivate it to some small profit. What do you think about it, Mary?"

"Think!" exclaimed Mary Wentworth, with animation, "I think the idea admirable. You will make a lovely home, surrounded by vines, and flowers, and fruits. You can lead an idyllic pastoral life, raising early spring vegetables and fruits for the city market. It will be so tranquil, apart from the low ambitions and groveling cares, and the hurry and unrest of the world. You will practice a little among the health-seekers that the salubrious climate of the Vernal Hills will bring in greater and greater numbers every year; but for the most part you will be occupied in mending the broken limbs of Mr. Staples' adventurous lads, now and then ushering a new soul into the world, or easing the departure of the old and weary. And thus your life will flow on, evenly and happily, while you are more and more beloved and revered by these honest people."

"You draw a glowing picture, Mary."

"I might make it more glowing. Your financial prospects may be more brilliant than you think. Now and then your brother physicians in the city will send rich patients up here, and you will have some large fees. And you cannot spend your money up here, sir. It costs next to nothing to live, when you have your own little garden. No Germans, no operas, no coaching bills or livery hire, or tailor's bills, or squandering your substance upon bouquets or confections for pretty girls! Your cabin will soon grow into a house with an ell, and your house into a castle where you will dwell in solitary grandeur. But

sometimes, when you are roaming the hills, you will come across a little plant, alien to this region, and you will send it up to San Francisco, for me to put it in my herbarium."

He was appalled to find that she did not include herself in this new scheme of life. Indifferently as Norwood had faced death in its most hideous form, submissive as he had grown to the dismal fate which had so long overhung him, he had never been able to face the thought that some day he would have to say good-by to this sweet companion who must leave him to go back to the great world, to find new joys, new interests, new hopes and cares.

"Mary, I cannot live without you!"

"Why should you?" said Mary Wentworth very simply; and then she covered her crimsoning face with her hands, appalled at her own boldness.

Like a man thirsting in a wilderness, who turns away from the spring that would strengthen and refresh him, Norwood resolutely put from him the hope her words suggested. There had been enough of genuine possibility in her forecast of his future to fire him with new ambition. Yet after all this was merely a castle in Spain, and what man dare ask the woman he loves to climb its insecure foundations and share in the possible ruin when it should topple down upon them, as castles in Spain have a fashion of doing? And then there was his malady, checked a little, but still a potent evil, an evil that might be handed down to coming generations, as it had been handed down to him.

"Mary, I dare not. Don't you understand? How can I ask you to share the curse that rests on me? Don't you know that my doom is only deferred? If

it is to be reached by slow stages, so much drearier the journey."

Then Mary Wentworth, staid, thoughtful Mary Wentworth, took a very unexpected and astonishing step. She came directly to the young doctor, and she placed her hand on his arm, as one who had a right to do so; and she laid her cheek upon it, and looked up into his face with arch, glad, tantalizing eyes.

"Dr. Norwood, where is your cough?" she said.

Confused and amazed by this extraordinary challenge, Norwood coughed, a shallow, artificial semblance of a cough, which plainly had no excuse for being. He remembered a brief conversation with Staples that morning, as they stood looking out, on the western hills, glorified by the rising sun. He had said thoughtfully:

"It's a good place to die in." And Staples, turning upon him with what had seemed to Norwood unnecessary ferocity, had opposed him with an emphatic:

"It's a better place to live in!"

He looked down into the sweet face on his arm, suddenly grown very solemn, and into the deep eyes where unshed tears gathered, and the scales fell from his own. For the first time he realized what every one in Bonnie Glen had long since discovered; and which had been for days the subject of general rejoicing.

In his own case one of the rare miracles of nature had been accomplished. A fierce and deadly disease, burning its course through his system, already purified and strengthened by life in the clear mountain atmosphere, had scourged from his body the last vestiges of hereditary malady.

A human soul, recalled to life and hope from the extremity of despair, is

like one long prisoned in darkness, whose eyes shrink from their first contact with sunlight. The proud man who had defiantly looked death in the face and had gone to his doom with a laugh and jest, realized that he stood, free and untrammelled, on the threshold of a useful manhood; he saw the holy, happy light in the face of the woman he loved, and he gathered her to his breast with a sob.

Six years later a national medical association met in San Francisco. Elliott, president of the State Society, called the attention of one of the eastern delegates to a handsome man, in the vigor of manhood, who was entering the room with a lady on his arm.

"There's a case that will interest you, doctor. It is Norwood, head of the Sanitarium up in the Vernal Hills. He went up there, a dead man, half a dozen years ago. Look at him now. He's a living exponent of what the climate can do."

An old physician, Leonard, a man of whom the profession has never taken much account, was standing near and overheard this remark. He followed the direction of their eyes, and noted what they did not see, a look interchanged between husband and wife, their expression of perfect harmony and happiness, and he murmured a dissenting opinion that the others did not heed:

"I don't know. I believe it was the woman."

Flora Haines Loughhead.

No man should ever be ashamed to own he was in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

A BLESSED NEW YEAR.

THE old Babbage house had a tennant at last. There could be no mistake this time, for a wagon load of furniture stood outside the gate and Winnie watched them carry every piece of it into the house.

"The people have took the house really, mamma," she said as her mother came in from the barn, where she had been feeding the cow.

"I guess they ain't rented it," said Mrs. Driggs skeptically. "I fancy they're just looking at it. That's about all most people want to do with the Babbage house. They wouldn't take it as a gift any morn'n I would, let alone renting it."

"But they're moving in truly," asserted Winnie timidly. "There's one load moved into the house, and here comes another."

Winnie did not dispute her mother's word without cause, for she knew too well that to oppose meant to bring the element of contention in her mother's nature into violent exercise and she usually chose to keep silent even when in the right, than to endure the unpleasant results.

Her mother came to the window and looked out. Surely enough, there were two men unloading a wagon of furniture and carrying it into the old house.

"Well, I declare, if it don't beat all!" said Widow Driggs. "To think of anybody moving into that ramshackle old Babbage house! It's safe to say they can't be much, to take up with that place. You could tell that by their furniture anyway. It looks awful poverty-struck."

Winnie thought of their own poor abode, with its meagre furnishings, but did not say anything. She had become used to the disparaging tone with which

her mother was wont to comment on her neighbors, and though it jarred upon her sweet, wholesome nature, she had learned to keep silent with regard to this, as with other things that kept the atmosphere of her home tinged with unhappiness. Her thoughts were at present diverted suddenly into another channel by the sight of someone coming down the street.

"It's the lady we saw there yesterday," Winnie said, as a dark robed little woman appeared in view, "and, oh, mamma," she continued excitedly, "there's a little boy and girl with her this time, too."

"I hope to the land sakes they don't belong to the family," said Mrs. Driggs, petulantly. "It'll be bad enough having such close neighbors without anything worse. There's bound to be running back and forth where there's young ones 'n I expect they won't wait to get settled till they'll be coming here all the time. I might as well set my foot down first as last if they do belong there," she continued, "and that is, that I ain't going to have any thick neighboring, and if they start it I'll put a stop to it the first thing. You see that you keep your own side of the hedge," she said sharply to Winnie, "and then they won't have anything for an excuse to commence running here." She turned and went into the kitchen as she ended, leaving Winnie alone by the window. The child as usual had no reply for her mother's tirade, but the bright look that lit her face for a moment had gone, leaving the sad and patient expression there that made her look old and unchildlike.

The fact that they were to have near neighbors had brought a glow of comfort and gladness to her heart, and then the thought that there were children

who perhaps might be companions for her at times, had seemed to promise a coming gleam of sunshine in her lonely life. Then in the space of a moment all chance of the glad hope being realized, was crushed out by her mother's interdict. There had been few things to cheer or gladden Winnie's young life. Ever since she could remember, she and her mother had lived by themselves, without any intercourse to speak of with other people, those who had shown themselves disposed to be friendly and neighborly having been chilled into "keeping their distance" by Mrs. Driggs' forbidding attitude. True, they lived some distance out from the village, and had no nearer neighbors than a mile or so away; but even when people came that far to show their friendliness by bringing Winnie some dainty or toy, the widow had repulsed them in a way that had made them loath to come again. Some charitable ones made excuse for her on the score of her past trials, which in fact had been truly severe.

Reared in comfortable circumstances she had married a man who had considerable property, and they had lived surrounded by comfort if not luxury, until five years since, when they had lost all of the property they jointly owned, in the disastrous period of the boom. A few months after the final crash came in which they gave up even the roof which sheltered them—her husband died, leaving her dependent upon her own effort for a livelihood, and as her former life had not fitted her for the new experiences which came to her, she had drifted into a rebellious and hard frame of mind, constantly repining at fate—blaming the world for her misfortunes and growing to cherish towards mankind in general, a fretful and uncharitable spirit,

which kept from her that best of all blessings, the companionship and sympathy of her fellow-creatures.

Finally, as a crown to her misfortunes had befallen the accident to Winnie which had made the child a helpless sufferer during the past four years, and which the doctors said, must end in making her a cripple for life. Surely a list of cruel misfortunes—and there were many who repeated them in excuse for the widow's eccentricities.

"Such trouble is bound to make one sour," some said.

"I've seen people that worse trials have made sweet," another replied, to whom this remark was made. "No one goes scott free from trouble in this world, and the pith of the mystery lies in the way one bears his allotted share. Look at that little Mrs. Dudley. She's been through the same thing as the Driggs woman. Money and home lost—her husband a helpless invalid for three years, and now dead, and she left to support herself and two little children. But my conscience, look at the difference! You can't go near that cheery souled little woman without getting help from the influence of her brave, sweet spirit, and the other—why look here I happen to know that Mrs. Driggs was given the Babbage house a year ago to live in free of charge, but it wasn't good enough, and she's letting the county pay her rent for her out of the poor fund, because she wanted a little better house to live in.

"Now she's lived there for a year and let the place run down till it all looks worse than the Babbage house. Last month old John Tate gave her a cow so that she could make a little money selling milk, and the last thing I heard was that she is grumbling now because she's got the trouble of taking care of

the cow. I'm inclined to be charitable where there's a chance for it, according to my notion, but charity's pretty much wasted on a nature like Widow Driggs. Last week the Bishop of her ward sent her five bushels of his best potatoes to last her for the winter, and yesterday I heard she'd told it around where she goes to sell milk, that the Bishop had picked out all the rotten potatoes in his cellar and brought 'em round to her for a present. Now I helped to load those potatoes myself, and drove 'em down to her, and I can give you my word, there wasn't a better lot of potatoes in a millionaire's house than the five bushels that were given to her. But that's the kind of gratitude she shows always; and I can tell you I've found it hard work making excuses for her."

This was the comment made by people who knew Ann Driggs best, and in four years she had spent in Millston she had become but too well known to many.

What comment the people might make upon her the woman cared little. Self contained and independent—growing constantly more bitter from the belief that she had been specially picked upon for misfortunes, she had come to the comfortable conclusion that the world owed her a living, and cared little in which way it came, so that she had it. There was but one soft spot in her embittered and unhappy heart, and that was for her child; though even here her nature had become too selfish to see clearly enough to act for Winnie's welfare—her own hardness poisoning what little remained to the child of happiness by keeping her spirit disturbed continually by her unwholesome atmosphere of discontent. Fortunately, there was a sweet sunshiny soul in the

maimed little body that kept itself untainted from the unhappy influence that was about—but that the effect was felt in other ways was evidenced by the sorrowful look in the soft brown eyes, and in the half-fearful expression that showed itself continually in her countenance. Physical suffering is not the keenest evil even with children, and could the child have put into words an expression of her unconscious thought she would gladly have borne double the pain caused by the bent spine, to have had as recompense an atmosphere of peace and love surrounding her.

Often she looked at the house opposite where the two Dudley children played happily in the sunshine—longing to join with them in their games, or even to sit near where she might watch and sometimes speak to them. But though the children had two or three times made advances to the sweet-faced little girl watching them with sad and longing eyes from the doorway or windows opposite, Mrs. Driggs' repellant manner soon kept them from coming near. It was something to have someone so near though, after the long time they had dwelt alone; and Winnie took joy in watching them as they played in the yard or on the sidewalk, rejoicing in the thought of their close neighborhood. Such a change as there was in the Babbage house, too. People hardly recognized it for the shabby and poverty stricken abode that had been the eyesore of the locality for so many years.

Hardly had the Dudleys become settled in their home than the place began to take on new aspects. Day by day a little figure robed in a calico wrapper, and with white towel for head-gear appeared outside the house armed with whitewash brush and step-ladder, and in a few days the dingy walls were

transformed from gray to a pretty warm tinted chocolate color; then the porch and shutters gradually changed their dirty slate shade, to a hue in harmony with the tint of the walls, until finally when the deft work of the painstaking and clever little woman was finished, the "old Babbage house" was completely metamorphosed, having been changed by the magic stroke of the paint and whitewash wands into a cosy-looking modern cottage—the admiration if not the envy of half the people in Millston.

Across the way Mrs. Driggs had watched the improvements going on with the same sarcastic comment that she had indulged in at the expense of its slovenly appearance before the coming of the Dudley's. Nothing in fact could come amiss to the widow in this regard—her talent for fault-finding and censure, lifting her above the commonplace level of consistency. To Winnie, however, the change had been always a delight; the view of the pretty house with its neat surroundings offering a sort of diversion from the dreary aspect of her own home. Doomed by her infirmity to be closely confined to the house, even little details were wont to impress and affect her spirits, hence she found pleasure in sitting at the window watching the cheery little cottage opposite and trying to imagine something of the life and occupation of the home-circle inside; and so saw the bright sunshine and warmth of the glorious autumn fade, and the chill winter days set in with a sense of absolute loss at thought that the doors of the house must shut from her sight the plays and pastimes of the two happy children.

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning. Snow was falling, and the clouds heavily charged with vapor, hung dark and low, making

the day dull and cheerless, save in homes where warm hearth-fires and abundance of good cheer made sunshine of themselves in people's hearts.

In one home, though, this latter element was sadly lacking. Alone together in the cheerless kitchen of their little cottage, Mrs. Driggs and Winnie sat at breakfast, both silent, and each with her face saddened with unpleasant thoughts.

Winnie herself, so far as personal feelings were concerned, would have been full of happiness and rejoicing, had it not been for her mother's morose countenance and manner. The latter had made her the gift of a book, and in this the child would have found sufficient content and joy for the day; but she knew from the look in her mother's face that it was one of those worst of days—when unhappy memories were flooding her heart with unusual bitterness, and the thought took all the pleasure and gladness from her own cheery spirit.

Even the censures and faultfindings and scornful tirades were less hard for her to endure than this gloomy silence—for Winnie knew that a real sorrow and heartache were the cause of this, and her own tender heart throbbed in sympathy, though she could not sense the meaning of her mother's dispondency. Memories of better days of youth or childhood perhaps, when life had promised something brighter and worthier than her present starved and narrow existence, came to the woman now and then, giving her a glimpse of the absolute emptiness of her life, and filling her with a sort of hopeless sorrow and rebellion. The mood was on her this morning, and though Winnie tried in various ways to arouse her interest and waken her into something like cheerfulness, it had all proved in

vain, and the child relapsed at last into a silence as gloomy almost, and hopeless as her mother's. How different it was over there in the Dudley house, Winnie thought. Having waked early herself in anticipation of the day, she had seen a light lit there at daybreak and looking from her own window, had seen through the open blinds, the two Dudley children moving gaily about, and had even caught snatches of laughter and joyous talk in the stillness of the country morning. How happy they must be with their mother hovering near all smiling and joyful—joining blithely in the children's happiness almost as much a child as themselves. Winnie sighed as she pictured the gait and joy so near at hand, and in which she could have no part.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

Of all the gifts which Providence has bestowed on the Oriental world, the cocoa-nut tree most deserves our notice: in this single production of nature, what blessings are conveyed to man! It grows a stately column, from thirty to fifty feet in height, crowned by a verdant capital of waving branches, covered with long spiral leaves; under this foliage, branches of blossoms, clusters of green fruit, and others arrived at maturity, appear in mingled beauty. The trunk, though porous, furnishes beams and rafters for our habitations; and the leaves, when platted together, make an excellent thatch, common umbrellas, coarse mats for the floor, and brooms; while their finest fibres are woven into very beautiful mats for the rich. The covering of the young fruit is extremely curious, resembling a piece of thick cloth, in a conical form, close and firm as it came

from the loom; it expands after the fruit has burst through its inclosure, and then appears of a coarser texture. The nuts contain a delicious milk, and a kernel sweet as the almond: this, when dried, affords abundance of oil; and when that is expressed, the remains feed cattle and poultry, and make good manure. The shell of the nut furnishes cups, ladles, and other domestic utensils, while the husk which incloses it is of the utmost importance; it is manufactured into ropes and cordage of every kind, from the smallest twine to the largest cable, which are far more durable than those of hemp. In the Nicobar islands, the natives build their vessels, make the sails and cordage, supply them with provisions and necessaries, and provide a cargo of arrack, vinegar, oil, gagpree or coarse sugar, cocoa nuts, coir, cordage, black paint, and several inferior articles, for foreign markets, entirely from this tree.

Many of the trees are not permitted to bear fruit; but the embryo bud, from which the blossoms and nuts would spring, is tied up, to prevent its expansion; and a small incision being then made at the end, there oozes in gentle drops a cool, pleasant liquor, called Trace, or Toddy, the palm wine of the poets. This, when first drawn, is cooling and salutary; but when fermented and distilled, produces an intoxicating spirit. Thus, a plantation of cocoa-nut trees yields the proprietor considerable profits, and generally forms part of the government revenue.

No man who does not choose, enter into and walk in some narrow way of life, will ever have any moral character, any clearness of purpose, any wisdom of intelligence, or any tenderness or strength of heart.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Story of a Tiger.

SEEING SO many stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR written by the young folks, I thought I would try to write a story of a tiger in a Hindoo temple. My cousin, who has been to India, related it to me.

In one of the remotest districts of upper India there lies a ruined village. No doubt there are many such, but it is of one in particular I want to tell you, because this one was haunted by a tiger. That tiger was not an ordinary beast of prey, pouncing upon cattle and fourfooted animals, but it was a man-eating tiger. This deserted village was a weird and dreary spot. The river on whose banks it stood had so often flooded the country round that the inmates had at last abandoned it and moved elsewhere. The huts they left were falling to pieces, and the water tanks were half filled up with mud, while a dense mass of plants and creepers tangled together, choked everything and made a passage through them almost impossible.

Through the foliage the grey, cracked roof of a heathen temple might be seen, but no worshipers ever found their way there now. And this spot of ruin and decay was supposed to be the abode of a fierce and cruel tiger, the dread of all the villages around.

Some English hunters heard of it and, keen after sport, were delighted with the thought of a tiger hunt. So they mounted their elephants and hunted with a good will, but all seemed in vain. "Old Stripes," as they called him, was not anywhere to be seen.

At last one of the party saw the marks

of a tiger's claw on the bark of a tree. You know your kitten sharpens its nails against a tree, and the tiger, who is only a large cat, does the same thing. Two of the hunters, who were brothers, got down from their elephants to explore farther. The elder was brave and enterprising, though somewhat rash, or he would never have dashed into the thicket as he did. When he was in, he hated to go on, but he thought he would like to see the ruined temple and go inside. So, shouting for his brother to come, he worked his way through the dense foliage.

He at last reached the crumbling steps, and peered into the haunted temple. It was a lonely and strange place, and the hunter wished himself out of it but he suddenly saw two bright things shine like jewels; he thought they were jewels, for he often heard that the natives adorned their temples with them. So, shouting once more to his brother to bring a light, he turned to feel his way towards the supposed jewels. Presently the sportsman found that he alone was cooped up, face to face with a man-eating tiger, just about to spring upon him. With presence of mind, he laid flat on his face, and the tiger bounded over him, and then fled round and round the interior of the building. In a few moments the tiger settled down in one of the corners of the temple.

The man knew he was in prison and that now or never was his chance of life. He raised himself and drew his pistol. What light there was showed him the tiger's head as he crouched in the corner, and he took aim and fired. The walls gave back the report in prolonged echoes, but there was no sound from the tiger. The bullet had gone into its brain, the man-eater was dead and the hunter was delivered from a horrible death.

W. W.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON I.—THE GOSPEL.

IN this lesson we will endeavor to learn something concerning the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I fancy I hear some one ask:

"What is the Gospel?"

The Gospel, my dear young friends, is a series of principles and ordinances, or rites to be performed, which our Heavenly Father has given to save His children and make them happy forever.

The Lord has promised great blessings to all those who believe and obey the Gospel; but those who do not obey the Gospel, after they have heard it, the Lord has said He will punish, and will not suffer them to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

It is very important that you, my young brothers and sisters, should understand the first principles of the Gospel, for the Lord expects that, when children arrive at the age of eight years, they will be prepared to obey them; that is, they will be ready to receive the ordinances of baptism and confirmation or laying on of hands. By these ordinances they will be made members of the Church of Christ, and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, which will fill their souls with joy, and give them a testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that they have done His will in obeying the Gospel as He has commanded.

Now, there are many churches in the land, and many forms of religious worship; but with God there is but *one* true Church, and *one* true religion. That Church is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the one true religion spoken of is the Gospel of the Son of God: the same Gospel that was preached by Jesus and His apostles when they were upon the earth.

The Savior taught that there is but one way, but one gate, leading to the celestial kingdom of God. Hear His words:

"Enter ye in at the *straight gate*: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

"Because straight is *the gate* and narrow is *the way* which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matthew vii: 13-14.)

Again he says:

"I am *the way*, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

The Apostle Paul taught the same doctrine. He says:

"There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling;

"*One Lord, one faith, one baptism.*" (Ephesians iv: 4-5.)

And in writing to the Galatian saints the same apostle says:

"But though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, let him be accursed." (Gal. i: 8.)

Besides, it is not reasonable to suppose that God would have more than *one* true Church and *one* true Gospel. To do so would only be to cause discord and confusion among His children, and God is not the author of confusion, but of peace and love.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only Church upon the earth which teaches the true and everlasting Gospel. The Church received it from the Prophet Joseph Smith, to whom it was revealed by a holy angel. The restoration of the Gospel by an angel was simply a fulfillment of the predictions or prophecies of the ancient prophets. The Apostle John, while a prisoner upon the Isle of Patmos, for

the testimony of Jesus, was given a most glorious vision by the Lord. In this vision he beheld many things which were to transpire or happen in the last days, and among these he says:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water."
(Rev. xiv. 6-7.)

The angel seen by John in his vision, was none other than the angel Moroni. On the 22nd day of September, 1827, this angel delivered to Joseph Smith the plates which contained the Book of Mormon. By the gift and power of God, Joseph translated them or changed the writings upon them into the English language. These plates contained the fullness of the everlasting Gospel.

Having learned from the holy scriptures, from the teaching of Jesus and His apostles, that there is but one true and everlasting Gospel, we will next try and learn what the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are. The Prophet Joseph Smith says:

"We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Articles of Faith, par. 4.)

From this we learn that the first principle of the Gospel is Faith in God; and in His Son Jesus Christ, and the next lesson will be devoted to the consideration of this most important subject.

Wm. A. Morton.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124.)

JUST as soon as he was able to be of any help to his mother, Robbie had chores to do, such as carrying in wood and water, and sewing carpet rags.

In those days people made their own clothes, and it was customary for every family to procure a quantity of wool each year for the purpose. This wool first had to be "picked," to clean out the dirt, burs, or other foreign matter. Then it was sent to the carding mill to be made into rolls. These rolls were next spun into yarn on an old-fashioned spinning wheel, reeled into skeins, and sent to the weaver to be made into cloth. The weaving was usually done by some woman of the neighborhood who owned a hand-loom. Each family again made the cloth into garments.

As Mrs. Richards had no girls to help her with her house work, Robbie was required to help her in everything of this kind. He not only learned to "pick" wool, and reel it, but to knit stockings, sew carpet rags, wash dishes, and to wash clothes. In this way he was kept busy, and early learned habits of industry.

His mother well understood the great evil of having a boy brought up in idleness, and was determined to do all she could to have Robbie learn to work with his hands.

Of course he had to have some play, but his mother insisted that each day he should do a certain amount of work, and also a certain amount of study. When his labors and lessons were finished he was given the rest of the day to play about home, only he was expected to be on hand to perform little errands if needed.

Robbie sometimes played with other boys in the neighborhood, but usually

he found some way of amusing himself alone. One Christmas he received a pocket-knife for a present, which delighted him very much. He was very fond of making all kinds of articles, and his knife was a very useful tool. Often he would whittle for hours at a time, trying to make a boat, a wagon, or some other toy. By this means he derived a great deal of enjoyment. There was much satisfaction received in making the toys, and then the pleasure he had with them when made was also considerable. Knowing how much trouble it gave him to make his own toys, he was careful with them, and learned to take good care of them. With his new pocket-knife he soon learned to make all sorts of toys, such as wooden horses, sheep, wagons, wheelbarrows, boats, and many other things.

Little Robbie, like other boys, was sometimes disobedient, and got into trouble, as people generally do when disobedient.

The first act of disobedience he recollected was one day in early summer. His mother gave him permission to go barefooted when the warm weather came. Nearly all the boys in the neighborhood went barefooted. One reason for this was, their parents were poor, and could not afford to get shoes for their children, and the children themselves were glad of the chance to go without shoes.

One day a neighbor's boy came and persuaded Robbie to go away with him to a pond of water not far from where they lived. Here, the boy told Robbie, they could have so much fun wading about and trying to catch some small fish which were in the pond. This was the first morning of the season he had been permitted to go without his shoes. He had been told, as usual, not to go

so far from the house that he could not hear his mother call him. Before this day it was not so hard to obey this request, but now came a temptation. The fun he expected to get in wading after the fish in the pond of water the boy had been telling about made him wish his mother had not told him to remain about home. Then he began to reason with himself. His mother would not likely want him before dinner time, he said to himself, and he would surely be back by that time; then she would not know that he had been away at all; so he decided to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF SALT LAKE COUNTY.

SALT LAKE COUNTY is situated in the northern part of Utah, on the south-east shore of Great Salt Lake. It includes a small portion of the lake, which is 4,218 feet above sea level. The county has an area of 960 square miles. Its population being about 56,000, and the assessed valuation of property in it is about \$20,000,000. The principal river of the county is the Jordan, although there are many creeks and canals.

Salt Lake County is the most populous, and wealthy county in the State of Utah. It is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, salt, granite, and several other minor minerals. Agriculture, mining, manufacturing, smelting, and commerce in general form the employments of the people.

Salt Lake City, situated in the northern part of the county, about twelve miles from the shore of Great Salt Lake, is the oldest and largest city in the county, and also in the State; and is the capital of Utah. It was settled on

July 24, 1847, by a band of 143 Mormons, under the leadership of President Brigham Young; being the first settlement made in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

This county cannot be excelled anywhere in Utah for its pleasure grounds and scenery. Pleasant drives can be made up the various canyons to cool mountain resorts. Here, too, is Salt-air Beach, that is visited by thousands of strangers as well as the people of the county. Bathing can be enjoyed from May 1st, to October 1st.

Emigration, Parley's, Big and Little Cottonwood canyons are the chief mountain resorts. Big Cottonwood possesses many beautiful lakes. Little Cottonwood is rich in granite stone of which the Salt Lake Temple is built. The other two afford excellent fishing and hunting grounds. City Creek Canyon is also a pleasant outing place.

In the city can be seen the handsome Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, City and County Building, Co-op. Store and Shoe Factory, Chamber of Commerce, University, Grave of President Brigham Young, Eagle Gate, Theater, Gardo House, several large hotels, the Lion and Bee Hive houses (former residences of President Brigham Young), and several other buildings and places of interest. The parks are also pleasant pleasure grounds.

Fort Douglas, a little way east of the city, can be reached by electric cars.

The Salt Lake Theater has a seating capacity of 1,800 people; erected by President Brigham Young in 1862.

There are 150 miles of streets, and 700 miles of telephone wires with 600 instruments; 25 towns are connected by telephone to Salt Lake City. There is a splendid electric light system in the city.

The city has fifteen banks with a capital of \$5,600,000, and deposits of about \$8,000,000. There are about sixty public and private schools, academies, etc.

Nearly 5,000 people were added to the city, and buildings worth \$8,400,000 were erected in 1890.

The Temple is the finest building in Utah, and was erected at a cost of nearly \$4,000,000. Its highest point is reached by the center east tower which is 222½ feet.

The Tabernacle is a handsome building, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide, and 90 feet high. Its seating capacity is 10,000.

A great pipe organ is in this building, and is not only one of the largest, but is said to be the finest toned organ in the world.

The City and County Building, with the grounds, occupies a whole block. It was erected at a cost of almost \$1,000,000. Its highest point, the clock tower, is 268 feet. The clock bells can be distinctly heard from five to six miles distance. The face of the clock is ten feet in diameter.

The county is traversed by several railroads. The principal ones are the Union Pacific, and Rio Grande Western. The Utah Central being a short route to Park City.

Other towns of importance in the county are Bingham, Sandy, and Murray.

Bingham is third in importance of Utah's mining camps, being heaviest in lead product; a branch of the Rio Grande Western Railroad runs to it.

Sandy contains large smelting and ore-sampling works.

Murray has extensive smelting plants, and manufactures bricks.

The Hot Springs afford excellent and healthy bathing. They are reached by

steam railways, and are situated north of Salt Lake City.

John T. Barrett,
Age 17 years.

SALT LAKE CITY.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Ruth and Naomi.

ONE time there was a famine in the land of Canaan; that is, a time when the crops were very poor, and there was very little to eat; and there was a woman named Naomi and her husband who took their two sons and went to live in another part of the country called Moab, on account of the famine in their own land.

After awhile Naomi's husband died; and when her sons grew up they each married a young lady of that country. One of the girls was named Orpah and the other one Ruth.

After a few years Naomi's sons died, and then, hearing there was plenty to eat in her own country, she wanted to go back there to live.

The two girls that her sons had married started to go with her, but she told them they had better stay with their own people; so Orpah went back to her father's house, but Ruth said she would not leave Naomi but would go wherever she did and would live where she did; and they went to the town of Bethlehem, where Naomi used to live.

In that town there lived a very rich man named Boaz, who owned large fields of barley and wheat outside of town, and when the grain was ripe he hired a great many young men to cut it and tie it in bundles or sheaves, for there were no threshing machines in those days.

It was customary for the girls and

young ladies of poor families to glean after the reapers; that is, they would pick up for themselves that which was left around the edges of the field, and stray heads of grain that would be dropped or left standing as the reapers worked quickly along.

Ruth asked Naomi to let her go and glean with the other girls, and it so happened that she went to the field that Boaz owned, and when Boaz came to look after the reapers he asked them who she was, and told them to some times drop good handfuls of grain on purpose for her.

Boaz spoke kindly to Ruth, and told her to come and glean in his field every day and not to go to any other field, so she went every day to his field to glean until all the harvesting was done, and after that Boaz married her, for he had found that she was a good woman, and that she was good to Naomi, her mother-in-law.

Celia A. Smith.

UTAH, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

Oh Utah, the gem of the rockies!

The home of the brave pioneer,

Who, driven by the hand of oppression,

Found rest in thy valleys so dear.

Thou wert but a bleak, barren desert

A desert all wild thou didst seem,

Ere the brave, stalwart band of exiles

Realized their long cherished dream.

Thy fame has grown bright in the nation,

Well known are thy resources grand,

And the wealth within thy rich borders,

Garnered here by the good Father's hand.

Thou art known everywhere as an Eden,

For thy crystal lakes, rivers, and rills;

Thy blue summer's sky has no equal,

Nor the verdure of thy shelt'ring hills.

We rejoice in thy progress, oh Utah!

We are proud of our beautiful State;

We feel it an honor to serve thee,

And our loyalty ne'er will abate.

Once thy name was held in derision,

Proud Columbia spurned thy requests;

Now she claims thee among her fair daughters,

As Utah, the pride of the west.

Madge Graydon.

OUR ANGELS.

Song for Zion's Little Ones.

WORDS BY LULA.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Trebles and Altos.

1. Lit-tle ones, come! We will worship to-geth - er; Of - fer thanksgiving in prayer and with
 2. Learning life's du - ties and wooing those graces Which the kind fa - vor of Heaven will
 3. Oh, that His work, and the time may be hastened! When, like the Nephites, once humble and

Svs.

song; Love warms and cheers us in winter's cold weather, And 'mid the
 win, Glad may our hearts be, and smiling our fa - ces, Not with much
 pure, All of our hearts will be softened and chastened, That we His

summer's heat, faith makes us strong. Soft - ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 laughter, for that would be sin. Soft - ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 presence may safe - ly endure. Soft - ly, sing softly! He hears us and

TREBLE AND ALTO.

Soft - ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 Soft ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 Soft - ly, sing softly! He hears us and

BASS.

Cres. *f* *p*

'round us, Joy - ful - ly bear - ing our praise to the Lord; If meek, and lov - ing, and
 near us; When we are pure as we're striving to be, We shall see them as they
 sees us! Let us u - nit - ed - ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit - tle ones,

'round us, Joy - ful - ly bearing our praise to the Lord; If meek and lov - ing, and
 near us, When we are pure as we're striving to be, We shall see them as they
 see us! Let us u - nit - ed - ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit - tle ones,

Cres. *f* *p*

true they have found us, Great is God's prom - ise to us, of re - ward.
 see us, and hear us— Ev - en our Sav - ior Him - self we shall see.
 dearest Lord Jesus; Oh, make us worthy to look on Thy face!

true they have found us, Great is God's promise to us, of re - ward.
 see us and hear us— Ev - en our Sav - ior Him - self we shall see.
 dearest Lord Jesus; Oh, make us worthy to look on Thy face!

f

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

To save me steps, while on a journey long,
 I crossed a wood where branches thickly lay;
 Torn from the pines by tempest fierce and strong
 And fresh as if the work of yesterday.

The havoc wrought, awoke in me the thought
 Of wrecks of human hopes so often found;
 Of towering pride to sudden ruin brought
 By gusts of fate that swiftly dart around.

Today our leafy boughs wave proud and high,
 Hope spreads her banner to the balmy breeze:
 Tomorrow in the dust we hapless lie,
 Stripped of our pride like those dismantled trees.

The birds seemed doleful as they twittered round
 The tangled limbs, of sap and verdure shorn,
 Where oft they'd built and sung, and shelter found
 From scorching sun and Boreas' wrath and scorn.

Methought sad birds your doleful dirge is mine,
 When men are severed from the Parent tree
 To share no more the sap of life divine
 Which makes one strong midst dire adversity.

But why repining muse, I thought again
 Is not the test of character required
 To prove to mortals that their hopes are vain
 Unless by heavenly love and law inspired?

'Tis fit that all should know adversity
 And in the seething crucible be tried;
 'Tis meet the wheat and tares should parted be,
 And from the dross the Gold be purified.

These were my thoughts as here I stopped to rest
 My blistered feet, which made my journey slow;
 But I must off—the sun is in the west,
 And I have many weary miles to go.

J. C.

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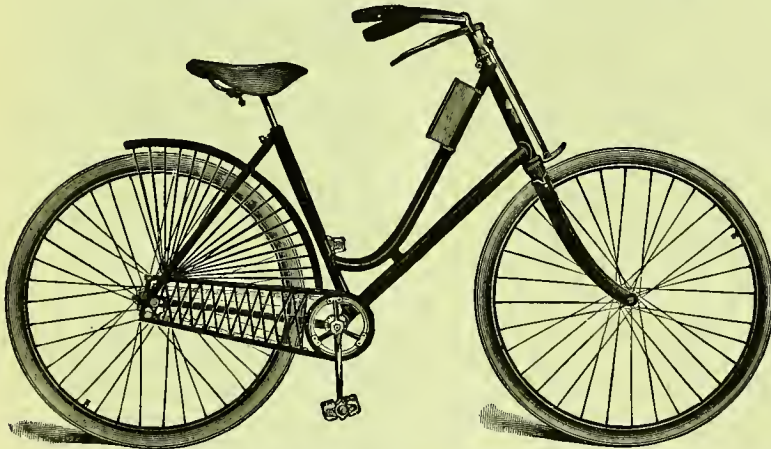
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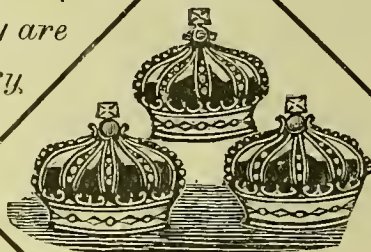
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